

LIPS OF MUSIC



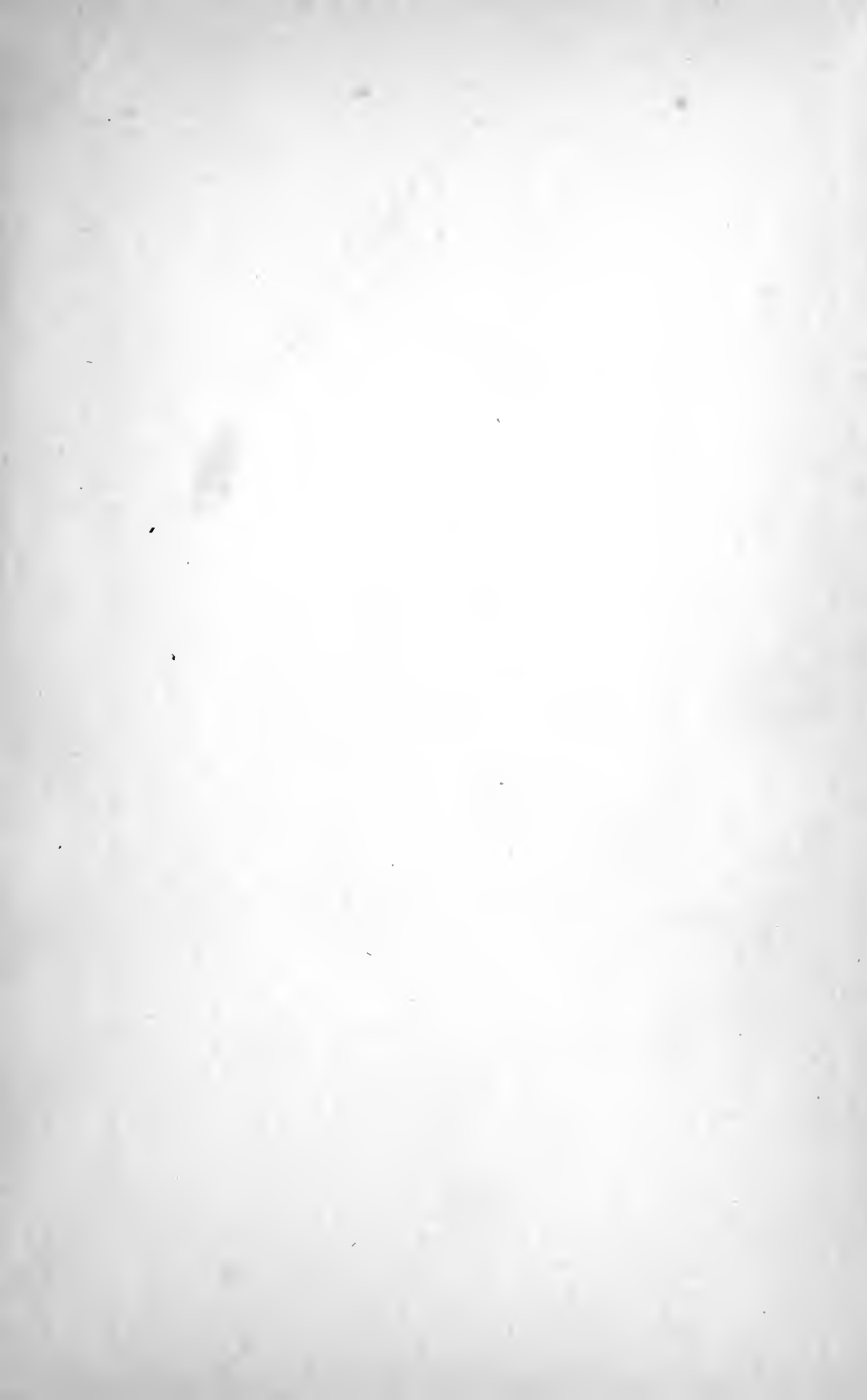


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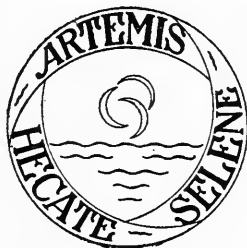




LIPS OF MUSIC

LIPS OF MUSIC

BY CHARLOTTE PORTER



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Five of the "Green Bird" lyrics have been set to music by Helen A. Clarke; "Bertrand's Song" has been set to music by Margaret Ruthven Lang; "The Tragic Rapture" has been set to music by Mabel Hill.

CONTENTS

I

ARTEMIS

	PAGE
TO THE RED DOORS	3
THE GREEN BIRD	5
The Call	5
The Nest	6
Nest Song	6
The Over-Song	7
The Under-Song	7
Music's Shell	8
The Voice	8
The Everlasting	9
The Glimpse	10
Blessedness	10
The Cup	10
The "Twin-Flower" Garden	11
The Wildwood	11
Sun-Force and Moon-Charms	12
Flowing	13
The "Rote"	14
The Moon-Star	15
The God's Hand	15
The Sea-Gull	16

CONTENTS

THE GREEN BIRD — <i>continued</i>	PAGE
The Sloop	17
The Rock Pool	18
The Star-Sown Night	18
The Veiled Aurora	19
The Island at the Cliffs	20
“Burning-off” of the Fog	21
When the Goddesses Met	22
The Burthen	23
Moon Toil	24
The Harvest of Rest	25
The Waters under the Earth	27
The Day’s Nurture	28
A Breath of Air	29
Island Magic	31
SELF-SUFFICEMENT	32
EARTH’S ARTISTS	34
THE BEAT OF A WING	36
THOSE BROWN MUMMERS	38
WEATHER WISDOM	40
THE MIRACLE OF SPRING	42
MOON GLAMOUR	44
AWARE	46
DAYLIGHT	47
AIRS OF SPRING	49
COME!	51
THE FLOWER ANSWERS	53
THE SECRET OF THE PLACE	54
MONHEGAN	56

CONTENTS

	PAGE
INLAND	58
ISLE AU HAUT	60
WITH WAVES AND WINGS	62
THE CHILDE BY THE SEA	64

II

SELENE

PSALM OF THE RED DOORS	75
LOVE'S BANQUET	77
THE RETICENT STARS	80
THE HUSHED STRAIN	82
HOW SHALL I MY TRUE LOVE KNOW?	83
LOVE, HELP THY LIEGEMAN!	85
IKAROS	87
THE SECOND VINTAGE	88
THE "UNEXPRESSIVE SHE"	90
KEEPING SCORE	92
FLITTING JOY	93
THE BANNERS	94
NIRVANA	95
THE WAY OF THE WIND	96
SATURN	98
LOVE'S HOLY DAYS	101
The Christmas	101
The Epiphany	102
The Holy Thursday	103
The Easter Eve	105

CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE ORDER OF PERPETUAL ADORATION	107
IMMORTALITY	108
BY THE SIXTH SENSE	110
INTERLUDE	
EPILOGUE SONGS. <i>Written for Browning's "Return of the Druses"</i>	115
Djabal's Song	115
Anael's Song	116
IN PRAISE OF BROWNING	117
TRANSLATIONS	
Bertrand's Song to the Mariners. From Ros- tand's "La Princesse Lointaine" . . .	119
Mila's Song. From D'Annunzio's "La Figlia di Jorio"	121
Prayer. From D'Annunzio's "La Nave" .	122

III

HECATE

THE TRAGIC RAPTURE	127
AMULETS	128
MASTERY	128
WORK DAY PRAYERS	129
HOLY DAY PRAYERS	130
A GLAD LITTLE SORRY SONG	131
CRADLE SONG TO THE WORLD-MOTHER — LIFE	132
THE HEARTH FIRE	134
THE LIGHTED FACE	137

CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE SUNLIT SHOWER	139
IN THE CROWD — A SONG!	140
WORK DAY SUNSET CHANT	142
CHELSEA	144
DOUBLE MOMENTS	155
THE MASTER-FATE	157
THE CALL OF MODERN TRAGEDY	159
LIFE'S RHYMES. A CORONA	161
Flux	161
Form	163
Growth	165
Motive	167
Desire	169
Power	171
Love	173
FAIRY GOLD	175
LIPS OF MUSIC	176
RED DOORS	179
CHRISTMASTIDE BENEDICTION FOR THE DARK OF THE YEAR	183

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	FACING PAGE
ARTEMIS. <i>The Rede from Callimachus</i>	2
LA NASCITA DI VENERE. <i>Sandro Botticelli</i> . .	42
SELENE. <i>The Rede from Homeric Hymn</i>	74
NIRVANA. <i>Simeon Solomon</i>	95
THE VISION OF LOVE IN SLEEP. <i>Simeon Solomon</i>	108
HECATE. <i>The Rede from Orphic Hymn</i>	126

I
ARTEMIS

*STAND FACE TO FACE • FRIEND • AND
UNVEIL THE GRACE IN THINE EYES*

— SAPHO

CELEBRATE Artemis, for she is not light to minstrels to forget, Virgin Artemis, whom all the gods alike invite, but who is throned beside Apollo. . . . To her the bow and the wide choir and disporting on the mountains are a care, the mountains tressed with woods, toward Ocean ('T will be rare indeed when Artemis shall go down into a city), Pheræan goddess, watcher over harbors, companion of noble maidens, bringer of light!

Adapted from Callimachus.



ARTEMIS.

TO THE RED DOORS

The Lips of Whoso gives Words Life.

OUT of the red doors in high triumph
thronging,—

Bearing and sway, to new Cæsars belonging—

Out of the red doors resistlessly marching,

As Cæsars of Rome from carven stone arching,

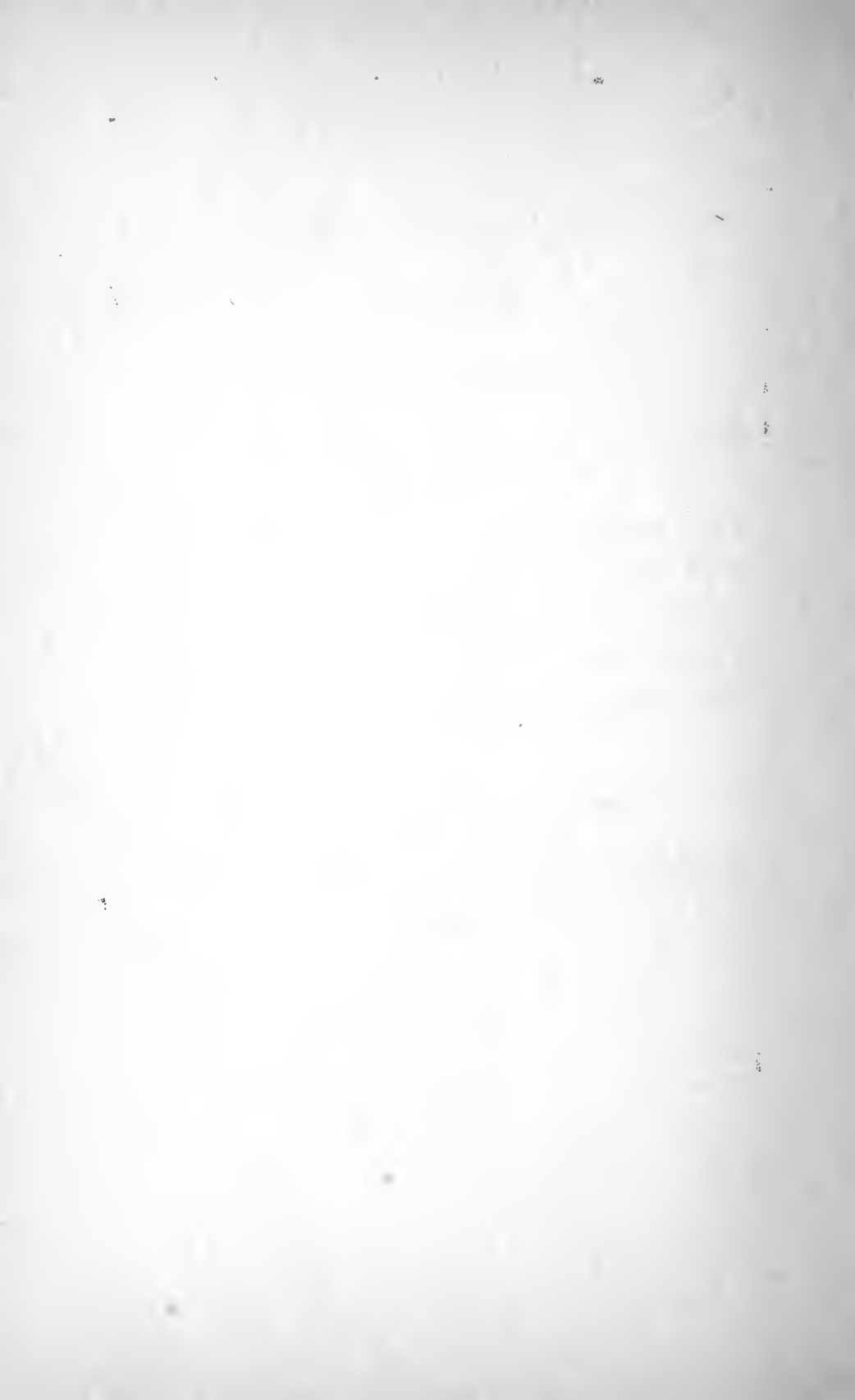
Out of the red doors with vigor unswerving,

Moulding the Soul to delight and deserving,

*Throbbing, thrilled through from the mouth's
human curving, —*

Eagles of empery, strong pinioned birds,

*True winged to their aim, come swift words,
live words!*



THE GREEN BIRD

To H. A. C.

THE CALL

IN town in May I heard the Spring's
Soft foot fall:
Then hushing from the heart of things,
With flutter of returning wings,
And her green gown's faint rustleings,
I caught the strain her glad face brings —
The Song of songs the great Deep sings —
The root call.
Oh, follow, when you hear the Spring's
Soft foot fall,
The Song of songs the great Deep sings —
The root call!

LIPS OF MUSIC

THE NEST

THE round warm Isle is like a nest, —
A green bird's nest in nesting weather,
Each fledgeling tree perks up his crest,
And soft green down grows soft green
feather.

NEST SONG

THE green bird feeds her fledgelings well;
Each day they fling their green plumes
wider;
The green bird croons a fairy spell, —
Her wide-winged nestlings sing beside her!

THE GREEN BIRD

THE OVER-SONG

AS fine leaves lilt a lighter over-lay
Above the tone whereto the big boughs sway,
So bird-and-bee-tunes brightly pipe and whir
Across the Sea's profounder rhythmic stir.

THE UNDER-SONG

DEEP in the pulsing of the vast Sea's push
The whole World round and here,
In swell and whisper of the great Wind's rush
Far off and then quite near,
I hear the voice of Being, whence all tended,
Beating the borders of the Spheres along,
Then in my heart so strong, —
“'Tis mine,” I cry, “or with my Spirit
blended:
We are Life's under-song!”

LIPS OF MUSIC

MUSIC'S SHELL

THE caverned Isle is Music's ancient Shell,
Attuned of yore to sing and sob,
Resound the tone of every thrill and throb
Of Ocean's flowing fingers;
The passion of her heaving bosom's swell,
Her thunder-throe and tempest-start,
Soothed and accorded in the Isle's deep heart,
All harmony there lingers.

THE VOICE

O DEARER than dear face we love,
Or deep dear eyes of lover,
O dearer than the Isle we love,
Or bending sky above her
Is Voice of Isle; and Voice of Love,
For there our hearts discover
All graces our fond eyes do love
And Music's grace moreover!

THE GREEN BIRD

THE EVERLASTING

YOU feel the Earth a planet here,
She swings in airy space;
You hear her sing — a sister sphere
With all her sky-born race!

The Everlasting draws quite near,
Its World-breath flows and sighs;
And yet you meet It with no fear: —
Joy lives in Its wide eyes.

LIPS OF MUSIC

THE GLIMPSE

O ALL the sky is beautiful,
But in one cloud-rent space
'T is blue of blue, — ethereal, —
The Soul from Heaven's face!

BLESSEDNESS

O BLESSEDNESS of feeling one
With life of Sea and Wild, —
To lay me down when day is done
The Island's lovèd child!

THE CUP

O JOY is like a magic cup,
I lift it to the sky,
And still the more I offer up
The fuller joy have I!

THE GREEN BIRD

THE "TWIN-FLOWER" GARDEN

I LABORED, delving, sowing,
To plant a garden wee
Of seedsman's flowers for showing:
The wild-flowers laughed at me.
I caught the witches growing
Around a shattered tree —
A thousand twin-flowers meeting
In fairy folk-mote there;
They nodded me a greeting, —
And fragrance filled the air:
"We came without your weeting,
We thrived without your care."

THE WILDWOOD

THIS garden was not sown nor planted,
This garden no hands made,
And yet no means were for it scanted
Since Earth's first soil was laid.

LIPS OF MUSIC

SUN-FORCE AND MOON-CHARM

THY vital force, O golden Sun,
 Instill and bathe me!
Thy charm, O Moon, thou Magic One,
 O'erthrill and swathe me!
Let instant thought and impulse swift
 Empower, move me,
Alluring grace, serene uplift
 Endower, prove me!

THE GREEN BIRD

FLOWING

FLOWING! Flowing! Flowing ever!

Charm and Beauty, Sea, like thine, is there
never!

Flowing! Flowing! Flowing ever!

Hush! her white lips said, "Thy life, mortal
blinded, —

Flowing! Flowing! Flowing ever! —

Charm and Beauty like mine hath, wert so
minded."

Flowing! Flowing! Flowing ever!

LIPS OF MUSIC

THE "ROTE"

THE quick impressionable Sea takes note
Long ere the storm winds rise
And moans along the shore the wailing rote
No tempest may surprise.

Like thee, O trembling Heart, she surely
knows
When Fate's fleet stroke must fall,
And thrills with prescience of the muttering
throes
The strong soul shall forestall.

THE GREEN BIRD

THE MOON-STAR

O THE Moon is entangled and caught in
a cloud,
And the frowning cloud jeers: "There you
are!"
But the Moon makes a glory of rose of her
shroud,
And peers out a new way, — like a Star!

THE GOD'S HAND

I SAW the hand of great Poseidon grasp
The iron coast, — a wave-washed, weed-
swirled rock
Shaped like a hand:
Now, ever in the full tide's grip and shock
I feel the god's compulsive clutch and clasp
Moulding the land.

LIPS OF MUSIC

THE SEA-GULL

O WHITE WINGS — O White Wings!
Far over waves and tossing seas,
High above hills and swaying trees
The Sea-gull flings
Her wide white wings: —
O bright and light —
A foam-fleck's sprite —
A curled cloud's flight!
The wind's true arrow,
As straight and narrow!
The spring tide's pull,
As firm and full!
Only desire within me flows
As firm and free, as lightly goes,
O White Wings! O White Wings!

THE GREEN BIRD

THE SLOOP

O GIVE the slim-keeled moon
The gull's wide wing!
So let the boat be hewn!
So let her white sail spring!
So shall the waves be drawn
To close her round and fawn,
All mad for her,
The while her spread wings spur
The comrade wind along,
Yet she — the Water's lure —
Lean over them secure,
And moon-like, mild and sure,
Her course keep calm and strong.

LIPS OF MUSIC

THE ROCK POOL

BENEATH the siren sea who dares to peer
And know the magic of her very face?
But in the rock pool for her lovers dear
She leaves her likeness in a locket's space.

Within that limpid lens her lovers read
By iridescent, shifting, gleaming traces
Of tiny tentacle and wavy weed,
The sorceries of her Medusa graces.

THE STAR-SOWN NIGHT

THE stars from Heav'n seem falling
tow'rd the Isle,
Thick-sown and poised mid-air —
World-seeds the Sower's hand impels, the
while
They quick in flower flare!

THE GREEN BIRD

THE VEILED AURORA

EARTH-WRAITHS bewitch and blur the
Sky's pure face,

Yet cannot mask her soul;

The spreading haze but dims the Moon's
clear grace,

Her beams transfuse the whole.

Then streaming up the pinnacles of Space,
Auroral light-waves roll,

High Heaven's bended head they overlace
With shimmering aureole.

Above the reek, like Earth's good Angel there
Abode the spectral white;

The lower air but hid the vigil fair
That blessed the sudden sight.

Pierce, pierce! thou vision of the upper air,
Alive in spirit-light,

Hold me, unbaffled in thy presence rare
By phantoms of Earth's night!

LIPS OF MUSIC

THE ISLAND AT THE CLIFFS

ELSEWHERE as here she hath beauty and
charm,

Elsewhere hath gramarye sylvan,
Elsewhere her Heart she uplifts pure and
warm;

Here she exalteth her Spirit.

Elsewhere as here her grave lover the Sea
Greets her with music and magic;
Here, they meet holily, bowing the knee,
Feeling the Infinite, — near It!

THE GREEN BIRD

"BURNING-OFF" OF THE FOG

I SAW the wayward, moody Island breathe
Out filmy breath, like hopeless gray clouds
 drifting,
I saw the hopeless clouds flare forth and
 wreathe
Out sudden airy-shapen trumpets, lifting
Their windy lips to blow against the sun,
And far to sea, a rosy music won
From melancholy mastered: for my ear
Too fine the lauds my list'ning soul can hear,
But my rejoicing eyes their might behold —
The numbing, muffling, mourning mist up-
 rolled,
Vanquished is all faint-heartedness and dolor
By clear exultant clang of conquering color!

LIPS OF MUSIC

WHEN THE GODDESSES MET

MY Angel surely called me from the deep
Of disembodied sleep,
And so the Soul within mine eyes arose
From her pure, still repose,
And faced as one forevermore new born
The marvel of that Morn: —
Between Night's hushing, violettèd dream
And Dawn's first clarion beam,
Enwoven round in rosy, streaming wings,
Apollo, waiting, flings,
Dissolving Hecate's mystic glancing horn
With Aphrodite borne,
Burning in joy together, onward sweep
In splendor up the steep.

THE GREEN BIRD

THE BURTHEN

KEEP me in tune with all the powers that
work,

And sing the World's good will!

Let beat of flood and ebb, sunshine or murk

My day's deeds spur and thrill, —

Grave joys, that in the World-song's burthen
lurk,

My steadfast Soul's song fill!

LIPS OF MUSIC

MOON TOIL

O a thousand clouding troubles
Shall you, like the Moon, pace through:
When the old throng is surmounted,
Like her, shall you front the new
Circling thicker to impede you.
So she, steadfast, steering true,
Kept undaunted on her circuit,
Climbing Heaven, cloaked from view,
Trackless in great wastes of splendor,
While Night's imps about her drew, —
Flitting wraiths, grotesque chimæras,
Malice-multiplied that grew: —
Drifting, dreary, Earth-mist monsters —
Needed they her Heav'n to strew, —
Scudding over luring pureness,
Smirching what must them subdue?
Yes; to purge Air, Earth enhallow
When she triumphs in the blue!

THE GREEN BIRD

THE HARVEST OF REST

THE fog, the gray sun overswept
And shut in daylight ever thicker,
The night, the fog then overcrept,
Nor let one starry eyelid flicker.

The silence even fell asleep
In Night's withdrawnmost dreamy dwell-
ing,
So Rest might Being's forces steep,
And quicken to supremer telling

The joys of Life, that but to reap
The vasts of Quiet lay there darkling;
Till strong with slumber from the Deep
Dawn rose on dazzled wide seas sparkling:

LIPS OF MUSIC

The shining Forest flashed awake,
His goodly green boughs gladly swinging;
Life's Joy in all things moved and spake,
And sprang within me — seeing, singing!

O Rest and Quiet golden harvests make! —
Rich gifts on souls reserved the gray gods
shake!

THE GREEN BIRD

THE WATERS UNDER THE EARTH

THE veins of Earth with ichor flow —
The calm clear blood of gods:
The crystal silver to and fro
Beneath the passive purblind clay
And heavy-lidded sods,
Diviningly feels out the way
And animates the sudden sway
Of life within each embryo.

With tendril-slender flowing force
The drowsing germens stir
And tides of Being swell and course
Self-sure in each as kind must move,
Nor ever can it err;
No growth but shall fruition prove,
No change but shall the traits behave
The Waters christened from their Source.

LIPS OF MUSIC

THE DAY'S NURTURE

O DRINK the purling dawn, my Soul,
drink deep!

Devour the mellow day's maturing fruit;
Let gladness in thee like the Sun's fount leap,
And ripeness crown thee, from that living
root!

THE GREEN BIRD

A BREATH OF AIR

WIND-WINNOWED air, storm-pure! —

But with the Sea's salt drive,
The Fir-wood's breath, alive!
Caught up within thy lure,
Earth's attar thou dost hold, —
The very soul of things
Soars on thy vagrant wings,
Rests in thy fragrant fold!

O catch thou up, and lift
The fire the body burns,
When breath as incense yearns
Far on thine upward drift!
Winnow the Wind of Will!
Lift it past bound and range
Of drag, or check or change,
The Spirit's reach to fill! —

LIPS OF MUSIC

So Earth-forgetting Isles
Far, Sea-allurèd sail,
Till in Heav'n's blue they pale,
And Light enraptur'd smiles.
Where boundless air beguiles,
The moor'd Worlds sing and spin;
Breath-wafted Spirit! win
Where Soul all-reconciles.

THE GREEN BIRD

ISLAND MAGIC

APART from din of cities, stir of men,
The pure bright summer through,
I leave the singing surf-wreathed Isle, and
then, —

I am an Island, too!
I feel the Sea's arms clasping me around,
I hear song learned of her,
Apart, although within the City's bound,
And safe from din and stir.

LIPS OF MUSIC

SELF-SUFFICEMENT

WHILE the Day was preparing her
splendor, I slept;
I was housed while the storm-bow was plotting
the spring of his arc.
Did I see the night-primrose in smith-work
adept
Forge her beads, bleeding gold, chaining
anthers to stigma, ere dark?
I peered close, yet the magic she wrought
Still my eyes never caught.

For no marking of mine, for no wages or
show
Was Earth moved from her stealth of devising
the beauty of life!
Well sufficed her the passion for making,
aglow

SELF-SUFFICEMENT

At each sway of her finger-tips, willing the
 strife

Of the Artist with matter: — pure fire!

Light in me, like desire!

I exult in the proud self-sufficement of
 Earth,

In the recklessly reticent craft-work of mid-
 night and morn,

In the sculpturing urge of the sea, in mere
 mirth

Spending rapture on islets unheeding, un-
 peopled, forlorn; —

Let me follow my soul's best behoof,

As self-sure, as aloof!

LIPS OF MUSIC

EARTH'S ARTISTS

A PAINTER Autumn is, whose brush
Shows earth's hot heart in each cool rush,
Each bush flames underfoot, each tree —
A tossing torch — flares high and free,
Each plant would all a flower be.

A Sculptor Winter is: his hand
With icy chisel carves the land;
He bares earth's pureness to the light,
His keen strokes shape with rigor right
The sudden goddess, hushed and white.

Earth listens: her Musician, Spring,
Afar, and timid, thrills his string:
The goddess melts, — a girl descends;
Those stars — her eyes, on his she bends,
And deathless hope his luting lends.

EARTH'S ARTISTS

But when the girl a woman turns,
Within her soul all music burns;
Her Poet, Summer, sings the word
Her spirit had but inly heard,
And life to know Life's joy is stirred.

LIPS OF MUSIC

THE BEAT OF A WING

ON and on! hurling through
Fainting spaces of tranquil blue,
I beheld in the Vast, remote and high,
Soaring lonely, a strong bird fly.
Oh, the sight was a song,
Only no words belong
To a call of the spheres;
Only eyes waken ears
To a song the gaze hears.
Who will witness it? You!
Heed the hushing song, — see the singing
sight
Of a lonely bird's flight
Through the sky's silent arc!
Lo! with strain of the effort the wings shrink
dark,

THE BEAT OF A WING

With the beat of each motive they droop, drop
stark,

Of the glory bereft, the color, light,
While they pulse the most might,
Living buds of winged flower
Urging on the ripe hour!

Ah! the bloom of the effort now opens them
bright!

See, oh, see! Beat of motive now blossoms
them white,

And the feathery petals fling wide rays
From the heaven-lit ways

To the founts of desire in the solar blaze!

LIPS OF MUSIC

THOSE BROWN MUMMERS

I SUSPECT the rocks of feeling:

See those mummers by the shore!

Yes; they practise double-dealing,

Those brown mummers by the shore.

Oh, I watched them while they waited, —

While the tide was round them wheeling, —

For the wave to wash them o'er, —

Flash its cool, wet, dripping fingers,

With the touch that slips and lingers,

Through their sea-weed beards all lank,

Drooping down their stolid chins, —

Though they seemed to stare all blank, —

Stricken stony for their sins, —

Yet with yearning were they kneeling,

Praying Love with hearts unsated,

Craving Life forever more!

THOSE BROWN MUMMERS

And, when all the tide was reeling
Passionate on them, then, I saw
How their beards wagged, how they
 laughed,
Great draughts of uncaution quaffed,
And were glad to be unstable,
All unmoored and all unable
To pretend the fixed is law!

I suspect the rocks of feeling
All Life's unrest to the core,
I suspect of double-dealing
Those brown mummers by the shore.

LIPS OF MUSIC

WEATHER WISDOM

DEAR Earth! how lovable thou art to-day!

How dreamily, yet warily aware,
Beneath the magic of thy hand's warm sway,
The pliant waters shimmeringly play

All round the sun-kissed strand!
But this thy hand was feverish yesterday,
And heavily oppressed the sea to bear
Its heat, while with a grasp of brass it lay
On winds too faint to thrust the spell away,
And heal the sun-pierced land.

And angry was thy grip the day before,
When all the wild winds, warring with the
Sea,
No truce obeyed nor cruelty forbore.
Yet, Earth! what fault soe'er of aught day
more

Could mar thy flowing plan?

WEATHER WISDOM

The fierce days wrest, as prize, the days most
rare

From thy large clasp; in warmth hatched
stealthily,

A brood of rude days rise from days most fair.

Oh, who from all thy moods finds one to spare

Nor mar thy flowing plan!

LIPS OF MUSIC

THE MIRACLE OF SPRING

THE laughing little waves Love's will out-
ran:—

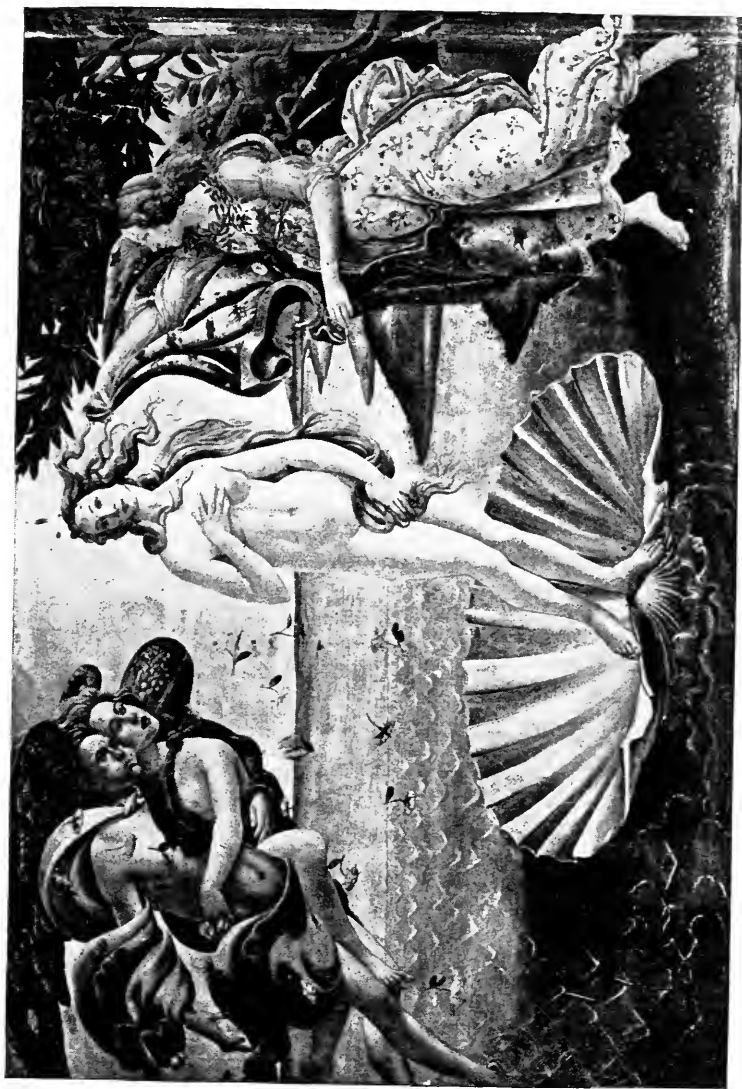
Could any steeds less subtle race so well
As these curved sea-lips kissing round
Love's shell?

Her flying cherubs, fleeting as they can,
With puffing cheeks may only steer and fan
The secret breezes that unseen impel
Her shallop on, and they but heed the spell
That stings her heart for Earth — dear home
of man.

O quicken new the miracle of Spring!

Ride, Love, all glowing from thy far sea-
home!

Rise, Earth, to clasp her in thine arms
and thrill



LA NASCITA DI VENERE.

MIRACLE OF SPRING

With breeze-born touches, buds of spirit-
wing!

Then let thy breast enfold Love's fire and
foam,

Thy living vesture, Love's bared beauty
fill!

LIPS OF MUSIC

MOON GLAMOUR

IS this the land we knew day after day?
Can this be common grass earth-rooted fast?

Or this, the well-defined familiar bay,
Whose every isle and cove the chart had cast
With reckoning marked where land-locked
channels passed?

No, this for all the worlds is water-way
Through dreamed-of realms where death-
less elves hold sway;

No eye descries them, only ears that listen
Catch the light laugh afloat past leaves that
glisten.

The Soul once loved this wonder, long ago,
Shared converse with these elves no eye hath
seen,

Winged wide free flight where these strange
sea-ways flow,

MOON GLAMOUR

Divining what the wistful waves would mean,
When down to them the faint stars seem to
lean;

Ay! This ecstatic light where swooneth
Space

In poured-forth rapture brimmed to
Heaven's face

Is the Soul's gaze transfiguring with glamour
This frame of Earth whose soul doth Soul
enamour.

LIPS OF MUSIC

A W A R E

LONG moonlit nights I watched, to slowly
taste

How perfect minutes in each minute melt.
And now, long moonlit nights in sleep I waste;
Yet all my dreams their flowing calm have
felt

Soothing the passion, silvering the rose
Of life that still through darkened eyelids
glows.

Quiet serene! still hold me, — heed my
prayer; —

Ye kept my nights awake, keep them aware!
Let conscious bliss my resting spirit bathe,
And consecration white my whole soul
swathe!

DAYLIGHT

And God said, "Let there be light!"

EVERY day the river dreams,
Muddy ebb and all.
Every day the city gleams
Through the smoky pall.
Every day my light within
Laughs at little human sin,
Smooths the darkened brow
With its glad "How now!"
Sin and smoke and turbid streams
Glow, embraced in sudden beams,
Lifted, lighted, shining-shod,
In the footing light hath trod,
Freed from any thrall.
Love! thy light thus crowns a soul

LIPS OF MUSIC

Till the flaws enhance the whole
And the spirit laud;
All the faults ye would destroy
Glisten, melt in light, in joy,
Of the ray from God!

AIRS OF SPRING

AIRS of Spring!

Sway and swing,

Free and fling

The scarce unfurled green banners of the
trees!

Playful breeze!

Toss and tease,

Loose and seize

The curling plumed white pennons of the
clouds

Now straying, and now scampering in crowds

Across the blue,

Alive with you,

Airs of Spring!

Airs of Spring!

Stir and sting,

Will and wing

LIPS OF MUSIC

Out to the light all joys in man that flow

Ere he know,

Longings slow,

Fires that glow

And blossom suddenly in deeds of flame,

Sure of their right to be, sure of their aim;

Man's might make new,

More live than you,

Airs of Spring!

COME

O COME out in the Open
Between the Earth and Sun!
For Life hath called and holpen
The buried flowers each one
To burst their old year's leafage —
Their grave-clods dull and dead,
And climbing through the cleavage
To lift each fairy head.

Could necks so frail, so tender,
Such bodies soft and small,
Through hard ground rise so slender?
'T is all a marvel, — all! —
Unless the Spirit in them,
Bolder than bodies are,
Doth hearten them and win them
To greet the great Day-star;

LIPS OF MUSIC

Unless Desire below them

 In Earth's deep breast of love

Pour through and overflow them

 To meet the love above.

O come out in the Open,

 Ye human flowers each one! —

To grace and force be holpen, —

 Re-born twixt Earth and Sun!

THE FLOWER ANSWERS

The Man speaks: —

LITTLE Flower, art thou lonely, —
Hand to pluck awaiting, Dear?
Spending life in craving only,
Lacking guest to reap thy cheer?

The Flower answers: —

Little lordling, ye hear dully
My voice chord with all Life's song:
Need I greedy hand to cull me
Who to Mankind's God belong?

LIPS OF MUSIC

THE SECRET OF THE PLACE

A LITTLE path winds saunt'ring to our
door,

All through the clover;

Sea touches soothe your cheek and kiss your
brow,

As you come over.

The Sea and Earth embraced catch you up,
too;

Here they love each other. Here how they
love — You!

And all day long

A little bird's song

Interprets you the secret of the place:

“Oh! but life is sweet, sweet!

Life is sweet! Sweet!”

SECRET OF THE PLACE

The Sea is like a tossing daisy-field,
 Darkling and whit'ning;
The daisy-field 's a sun-flecked sea of foam,
 Threat'ning and bright'ning.
All diff'rences there are beneath the sun,
How they melt in music! How they here are
 — One!
 Where all day long
 A little bird's song
Interprets you the secret of the place: '
 "Oh! but life is sweet, sweet!"
 Life is sweet! Sweet!"

LIPS OF MUSIC

MONHEGAN

A LONELY land, fantastic, sphinxish,
Full of freshness, full of fire.
All day long the hot sun woos it,
Kissing pallid flaunting grasses,
Thrilling ruddy tiny prickles
Armoring sun-dew in its marshes, —
In its still deep-bosomed marshes.
All night long the witch-moon soothes it,
With white-handed gentle gestures,
Lulling it to half awake it
So it keep its passionate calm.
All the days long, all the nights long,
Lovingly the laughing ocean
Round it flings his happy arms —
Arms that loosen in contentment —
Arms that clasp with fresh allurements —

MONHEGAN

Arms delirious with pleasure,
Keeping yet a comrade's touch;
While the wild glad land refrains not
From response as free and flowing,
Daring love, and love withholding,
Ever his, while still her own!

LIPS OF MUSIC

I N L A N D

MY happy eyes have seen
The Sun's far-spreading sheen
Flash its bright wing and hover
A joyous blissful lover
Over the answering sea.

Now may I turn and go
Inland, contented, slow,
Musing a lifetime's leisure
Over an inward treasure,
For mine eyes have seen the sea!

My happy heart hath known
The light deep love hath thrown,
The instant flame and vision
Turning all life elysian
Within the answering soul.

INLAND

Now may I turn and work,
No steadfast toiling shirk,
Each far-off aim the purer,
For light within, held surer,
Since my heart hath known Love's soul!

*Oh! Who yet, having seen the Sea,
If he then must inland go,
Doth not eat his heart with yearning
To behold its ceaseless flow?
And who yet, having known Love's soul,
If he then must parting go,
Doth not thrill each breath with burning
For its ecstasy and glow?
He, the sea within discerning,
Of its secret urge hath learning,
And no inland calm can know.*

LIPS OF MUSIC

ISLE AU HAUT

OH! a million-million-masted ship,
With millions of green sails spread,
A prow of rock to the tide's fierce lip,
And song at each mast-head, —
A prow of rock
Where the breakers flock,
And song to fling
Where the sea-birds wing, —
Song of the trees,
Song of the breeze,
Song through all heaven to flow, —
A green-winged, rock-built, soaring ship
Is Isle au Haut!

Oh! a far sure voyage this ship fares
On her swerveless upright keel,
Through measureless seas of space she bears
Aims true as the pole stars feel.
Steady her helm,
Though the wild waves whelm.

ISLE AU HAUT

More firm her quest
For their huge unrest;
Vary and flaw
Fixes the law

Whereby all staunch ships go.
A tireless voyage dauntless dares
This Isle au Haut!

A deep-eyed angel bares her brow
Where the light spray leaps and laughs,
And the gaunt cliff at the giant bow
The sea's wine thirstily quaffs, —
The sea's strong wine
In the wide sun shine,
Or swooning calm
Of the moon's white balm;
Stormy or still,
Good is the will
In the angel's eyes aglow,
God-wise, God-sure she guides the prow
Of Isle au Haut!

LIPS OF MUSIC

WITH WAVES AND WINGS

O WAVES and Wings and Growing Things!

As through the gladdened sight ye flow
And flit and glow,
Ye win me so
In soul to go,
I too am waves, I too am wings,
And kindred motion in me springs.

With thee I pass, glad growing grass! —
I climb the air with lissome mien;
Unsheathing keen
The vivid sheen
Of spiring green,
I thrill the crude, exalt the crass
Fine-flex'd and fluent from Earth's mass.

WAVES AND WINGS

And impulse craves with thee, Sea Waves! —

To make all mutable the floor

Of Earth's firm shore,

With flashing pour

Whose brimming o'er

Impassion'd motion loves and laves

And livens sombre slumbering caves.

Then soaring where the wild birds fare,

My song would sweep the windy lyre

Of Heaven's choir,

Pulsing desire

For starry fire,

Abashing chilling vagues of air

With throbbing of warm breasts that dare!

LIPS OF MUSIC

THE CHILDE BY THE SEA

*Of the Will of the Childe and the Sway of
the Sea — Of the counselling Voice of the
Soul that declareth the Plot of the Whole
— And the Vision that promiseth Har-
mony.*

THE lips of the Wooer are white, —
The lips of the wild wooing Sea,
With hisses of hatred he sharpens his tongue,
Grim is his glee!
With longing of loving his pleading is wrung,
None woos as he!
From stress of the spirit — the human
birthright,
He lureth the Childe to be free.

A kiss on his lips lies her Soul, —
The Soul of the Childe by the Sea,
Her eyes would forget all their innermost
light,

CHILDE BY THE SEA

Freed would she be
From stress of desire and the human insight,
So lured her he!
With passioning spent to be blent with the
Whole,
Full fain to lose self-hood is she!

*Then besought her the Sea, and he cried
wooingly:*

“One blood with Mine,
“My unrest Thine!” —

And her heart rang in unison, echoingly:

“One blood with Thine,
“Thy unrest Mine! —
“For prison’d in flesh is the fire
“The Powers that begat me instil;
“It narrows the World to desire,
“Yet mocketh the range of my will:
“Thrill’d through with the sway and the
urge

LIPS OF MUSIC

“Of world-lapping, soft-singing surge,

“How good to merge

“Life’s hungering, thirsting outgo

“In boundless flow!”

Then the whispering Sea caution’d cunningly:

“Forbear thou, like Powers that begat thee,
to deal

“With chaos, continual shaping and strife,

“The ceaseless Reel

“Of Over-Life;

“For who but thy Makers can master that
Wheel?

“And who but thy Makers from living may
wrest,

“The might in the bosom of Nature
possess’d?

“Seek thou thy nest, —

“My broad bare breast!

“The age-long plan

“But shaped forth Man

CHILDE BY THE SEA

“To find him this

“Serene, sure bliss!”

*So the whispering murmuring ebbs and sinks
low in a hiss,*

*And it swirls back subsiding in silence all
subtly astir.*

*All its waves fuse like words in one sense and
one will, seeking her.*

The lips of the Wooer are white, —

The lips of the wild wooing Sea,

With hisses of hatred he sharpens his tongue,

Grim is his glee!

With longing of loving his pleading is wrung,

None woos as he!

From stress of the spirit — the human
birthright,

He lureth the Childe to be free.

A kiss on his lips lies her Soul, —

The Soul of the Childe by the Sea;

Her eyes would forget all their innermost
light,

LIPS OF MUSIC

Freed would she be
From stress of desire and the human insight
So lured her he!
With passioning spent to be blent with the
Whole,
Full fain to lose self-hood is she!
“One blood with Thine,
“Thy unrest Mine!
“Yet ever a shudder restraineth my Will;
“In the hiss of thy kiss glitters treachery’s
skill.”

Then her Soul called within her, imperiously:

“Forbear thou to yield me — thy Soul —
to the Sea:
“The Powers that begat thee through me
bid thee strive,
“Creation alone by thy striving shall thrive!
“On thee alone falleth the sway and the
urge
“That gropes in the heaving and murmur-
ing surge;

CHILDE BY THE SEA

“Ay! all that it blindly would seek

“Through thee, through thy Soul,
must it wreak:

“My impetus silent and sure

“Dictateth a shadowy plot

“Thine eyes of the flesh can see
not;

“Yet shall it, long ages endure,—

“Endure till Man’s heart warm
the flame, —

“Endure till Man’s will point the
aim

“And master the might he must never refuse

“Nor force; neither yield to supinely, nor
bruise

“For pleasuring under the foot,

“But brotherly, lovingly use,

“Till Sea and till Land and till
Brute

“Shall reap the full joy of the fruit

“Of slow aspiration in Man —

“Completer of all they began.

LIPS OF MUSIC

“Though yet thou divinest not how
“Thy Soul to that dream bids thee bow.

“To no other leading

“Give ear, nor give heeding,

“Lead thou!

“I, regnant within thee, — thy Soul,

“Shall guide, through thy Will, and control

“The dimly seen scheme,

“To shape itself fair in the beam

“That shines from thine unresting dream.

“No Titan unrest of the Sea

“Shall deaden that unrest in thee:

“Nor ever shall his longing master

“The longing in thee that is vaster:

“To subtler unrest

“Awake in thy breast,

“Let his then its just tribute pour, —

“Increase kindred force evermore!

“Thy Will, for the Powers that begat thee,
Life's Wheel

CHILDE BY THE SEA

“Shall steer, through thy dream, for the
World’s livelong weal!”

*O’er the far-singing Voice of the Sea soars the
Soul’s Voice she knows,
From their marriage in music together strange
prophecy flows,
She is stung with it, Pythoness-stung, with
God’s oracle glows,
To the blue mounts desire, lost in light of the
largeness that grows
And enfolds it, as skies in dim rapture the toss’d
seas enclose. —
Ah! so mounts, so enfolds her the promise
wrung strong through her throes,
Springing fair through long futures no instant
of living but sows!*

II
S E L E N E

*LAMENTATION MAY NOT BE IN A POET'S
HOUSE • SUCH THINGS BÉFIT NOT US*

— SAPHO

FAIR-FACED Selene, Daughter of Zeus; accomplished in the sacred art of song, the wide wings of whose immortal head wrap up the circling Earth, the light of whose deathless brows dwells lingering in the stream of ocean when she bathes her silver bosom, while her far-off-sprinkling-Luster Evening wears, and the subtle air rejoices in the delicate splendor; divine Selene, yoking her glittering high-breasted steeds maned with curled flame! As she waxes, her beams exhale unspeakable glory: then from her do men divine and soothsay: Hail, queen! white-armed goddess, blissful Selene, serene of heart and fair of tress, whom Muse-loved sweet-sung poets celebrate!

Freely adapted from the Homeric Hymn to the full Moon, with use of Chapman (1616) and Lang (1905).



SELENE.

PSALM OF THE RED DOORS

O THE spell of the Red Doors is on me,
And the Psalm of the Lips chanteth in me!
I shall never forget how they opened,
For their touch ever singeth within me.

I was wooed of the Red Doors to enter;
With my soul on my lips then I entered,
And the soul on my lips was alive.
And the wind of the Portal upcaught me;
It enrapt me away then forever.
And the flame of the Portal enseared me;
It ensealed me and seared me forever!
Still I shake with the wind of the Portal,
With the breath of the Portal I quiver:
Still I mount with the flame of the Portal,
With the fire of the Red Doors I tremble,
With their passionate star-fire I flower:

LIPS OF MUSIC

Ever sheathed is the flame-bloom, enfolded,
Ever holy of heart, ever growing,
Ever holy of heart, ever fragrant;
All its petals are pointed together, —
Praying hands that do point and aspire:
All its blossoms are birds a-wing, singing,
All its fragrance is breath and desire.
O my Soul is a living torch lifted,
Budding flowers of flame in mid-air,
Burning incense and song in mid-air;
Ever spiring with blossoming flame,
Ever leaping with quenchless white fire,
Ever restlessly soaring upborne
On the Wings of the Wind and the Flame
Of the open Red Doors of my Altar,
Of the Doors of the Shrine of my life.

O the ember-red taciturn Portal
Hath enrapt me and seared me forever,
It hath seared me and sealed me forever!
Ay, forever and ever. Amen. ˘

LOVE'S BANQUET

One of the Banqueters, singing —

POUR Love wine! Pour, pour!
Brim Him more, ever more!
Thrill the subtle veins of sense,
Flood the soul-house till the dense
Is as air,
Vague as mist,
Fierce as fire,
Flung intense
As a prayer
On acquist
Of pure desire!
Loose the chains that weight the Soul!
Fine the flesh to her control!
Wing! Wing the whole!
Pour Love wine! Pour, pour!
Brim Him more, ever more!

LIPS OF MUSIC

Another of the Banqueters rejoining, singing —

Fear the God! Fear, fear!
Keep the Vision calm, clear!
Scant Him to His thirsty lips,
Look you that His beaker slips
From His grasp,
Ere the lees
Stain the draught
And shame strips
From His clasp
Ecstasies
All spent, all quaffed!
Counsel measure! wisdom led,
Fear Love's madness, and, instead,
Give Love bread, daily bread!
Fear the God! Fear, fear!
Keep the Vision calm, clear!

The voice of Love answering, singing —

Ay! Ay! Ye have said!
Brim me wine! Feed me bread!

LOVE'S BANQUET

Grudge no wholesomeness of wheat

Gradual labor grindeth meet

For my fare;

Nor the bliss

Sudden strong,

Sweet and fleet,

Festal rare,

Let me miss

When ardors throng,

In the Earth's womb fostered long,

Through the brown stalk pushing prong,

In the grape's globe breeding song!

Ay! Ay! Ye have said!

Brim me wine! Feed me bread!

*The One Banqueter and the Other, concordantly,
singing —*

Fear the God! Fear, fear!

Keep the Vision calm, clear!

Pour Love wine! Pour, pour!

Pledge Him more! Ever more!

THE RETICENT STARS

THE love Love tells is but one gleaming
star

In deeps untold of stars that dumbly dwell

In light not breathing yet to Earth its
spell —

One radiant star where all those dark worlds
are.

Although no space can Light's sure arrow bar,

They are so near God's Touch — Love's
boundless well —

They dare not yet their dazzling secret
tell —

Blazon the pureness nearness cannot mar.

Unerring, sacred, quenchless light of Love!

Thy splendor Night's drooped eyelids feel
and sheathe;

Yet all thy reticent dark stars afar

RETICENT STARS

In unimagined glory thronged above,
 May through the hush their pulsing bright-
 ness breathe,
And, trembling, speak in but one gleaming
 star.

LIPS OF MUSIC

THE HUSHED STRAIN

WHOSE heart is torn beneath his tranquil cloak,
Who wept at quiet coming of the dawn,
To him at least the Lord of Heaven once spoke —
Hushed strain! his fine ear list'ning holds,
withdrawn.

HOW SHALL I MY TRUE
LOVE KNOW?

MY True Love's name is Pain.

Her black brows frown.

Breath of her mouth is Doubt:

It chills her own fire out.

Where her lips' touch hath lain

Love's bliss to crown,

The transport's edge hath slain! —

Fear smote us down.

My True Love Pain! Dear Pain!

Wouldst thou with me I wonder, —

Test how the Soul bears strain

The Body falters under?

Must I my True Love know

By this deep scar? —

I, craving joy as air,

Risks free as frank winds dare,

LIPS OF MUSIC

From her doubt learn this woe —

Myself to mar! —

And tossed thus to and fro,

Estrange my star!

My True Love Pain, dear Pain!

Wouldst thou with me I wonder, —

Prove how the Soul reaps gain

From throes that cleave asunder!

Yea! I my True Love know

By wounds and fears;

Yet since of Love they came,

I hail them in Love's name; ;

I crown with calm each throe,

Stanch shining tears,

Choose shame above the show

Of lighter years.

My True Love Pain, dear Pain!

Riches of thee I plunder, —

Such sweetness I am fain

To win, — my Soul hath wonder.

LOVE, HELP THY LIEGEMAN!

*For a Beatrice Nuova, with lingering memory of Dante's
Ballad*

LORD LOVE! Go thou, for me with her
to dwell

And foster that in her to reap not seek —
Her sweet compassion, swift as thou to know,
What else 't were best to hide from chilling
glance: —

How strange as life love is in me, beyond
All strength of man to vanquish, ere again
It rise unvanquished; like that angel might
The thews of Israel grew ever strong
From wrestling with, yet never threw, and
still

Drew blessing from, — the awful kiss of God
Branding the foeman who such grappling
dared.

Yet foster not in her, Lord Love! — if
this

LIPS OF MUSIC

She learn through thee, aught that may vex
her peace,

Or trouble her pure eyes, with pain for me;
But tutor her how woe from thy deep soul
Is richer than the shallow happiness
Thy careless shorter-lasting moods lets fall
Thy flying fingers; in whose grasp and wrench
My heart rests marked, aye shapen to her will
In pride, though scored with flames of thine
through her,

The brand of angel-struggle in my soul.

And Love, Lord Love! if thou so far in
her

Compassion stir; ah! if thy whitest beam
Uncloak like woe in her, like strife of bliss
To chord with mine; — lead her to freely
spend

Her face — eyes — rapt, on mine; thereafter
what

Twain ways of life but we should conqu'ring
march,

Nor fail to meet forever, parting thus!

IKAROS

BE loved and love! — till out of joy
A prouder transport springs
To master bliss, dare ardors cloy,
Dare Soul fling wider wings: —
Such wondrous wings
Must outsoar God, —
Before His Face the Man-heart laud!

Yet if Love chanced to smile, content;
Or craved he, quenchless, more,
He alien stayed, though with God blent,
So faint a heart he bore! —
Too faint heart bore
To ride the Sphere: —
He sank to find his dwelling — here!

LIPS OF MUSIC

THE SECOND VINTAGE

HOW may I think you false, Dear?

How can I call you light? —

'T was bliss to be but near, Dear,

Our souls had such clear sight.

May what was once so true, Dear,

Know any change indeed?

I scout the chill-eyed fear, Dear,

That makes my faint heart bleed.

Let me but free this anguish,

And yield my scorn right scope!

Ah! love can never languish

Although it lose all hope.

The rage and scorn pent in me

Flare tumult through my brain;

Thine eyes on mine look strangely:

My soul is fierce with pain.

SECOND VINTAGE`

Yet doubting love is treason;
I'll rend some veil away,
And find the gnawing reason
That frets the old love's sway.

I wait in abject weakness;
I probe the secret truth,
I prove my pain with meekness,
I tear my breast with ruth.

Not Love's deep look, mere Pity's
I crave — kind torture? — No! —
Too high were once our blisses;
I drink my tears, — and go!

But all that wine divine, Dear,
Our souls quaffed solemnly.
I pledge anew with thine, Dear,
Alone, triumphantly.

A victor shall I say, Dear? —
I win, whate'er the cost;
But bleed my heart away, Dear,
For human comfort lost.

LIPS OF MUSIC

THE "UNEXPRESSIVE SHE"

DEEP blue seas are certain eyes,
Basking in them Love's Soul lies;
That strange world the sense-world flies,
 Beaming from them;
Will to suffer yet to rise;
Energy to climb the skies,
 Streaming from them.

In those seas who looks deep cries —
"All I hoped would prove Life's prize
Here exceeds my best surmise!" —

 Deeming of them
Was the ray to light the wise,
And the love beyond all ties, —
 Dreaming of them! —

THE “UNEXPRESSIVE SHE”

For they harden while you look,
No deep question will they brook,
What you brought them — that you took —
 Seeming of them!
From your yearning self arise
Those deep joys Love's wish espies,
 Dreaming of them.

LIPS OF MUSIC

KEEPING SCORE

“**T**HROUGH many days,
Her gracious ways,
Familiar to me grown,
In richer store
Shall heap the score
Of love for her I ’ve known.”

Ah! so I said;
But nearness led
To love past all before,
Until I knew,
Than now I do
I could not love her more!

FLITTING JOY

FLITTING Joy drew near and hovered
Till my gladness hers discovered:

Then she yielded to my drouth;
Freely gave her happy mouth
Fragrant with the sun-kissed South,
Mixed with mine her sun-lit eyes
Till no doubt of them could rise
Nor their look from mine could stray
Evermore, and — went her way!

Did she go? How strange her leaving!
Flitting so was scarce bereaving:

Mourning o'er it long and long
Heartens me and makes me strong;
Joy I nevermore can wrong,
With her lips my words I speak,
With her eyes my Heaven seek.
Did she go? — or does she stay? —
Ever with me, aye and aye!

LIPS OF MUSIC

THE BANNERS

THY heart shall hold love folded in,
As timid leaves in May
Hold tremblingly, all moulded in,
On each sky-seeking spray,
Through cloud and cold, through storm and
calm,
Close-crumpled in each furled-in palm
The banners broad of June.

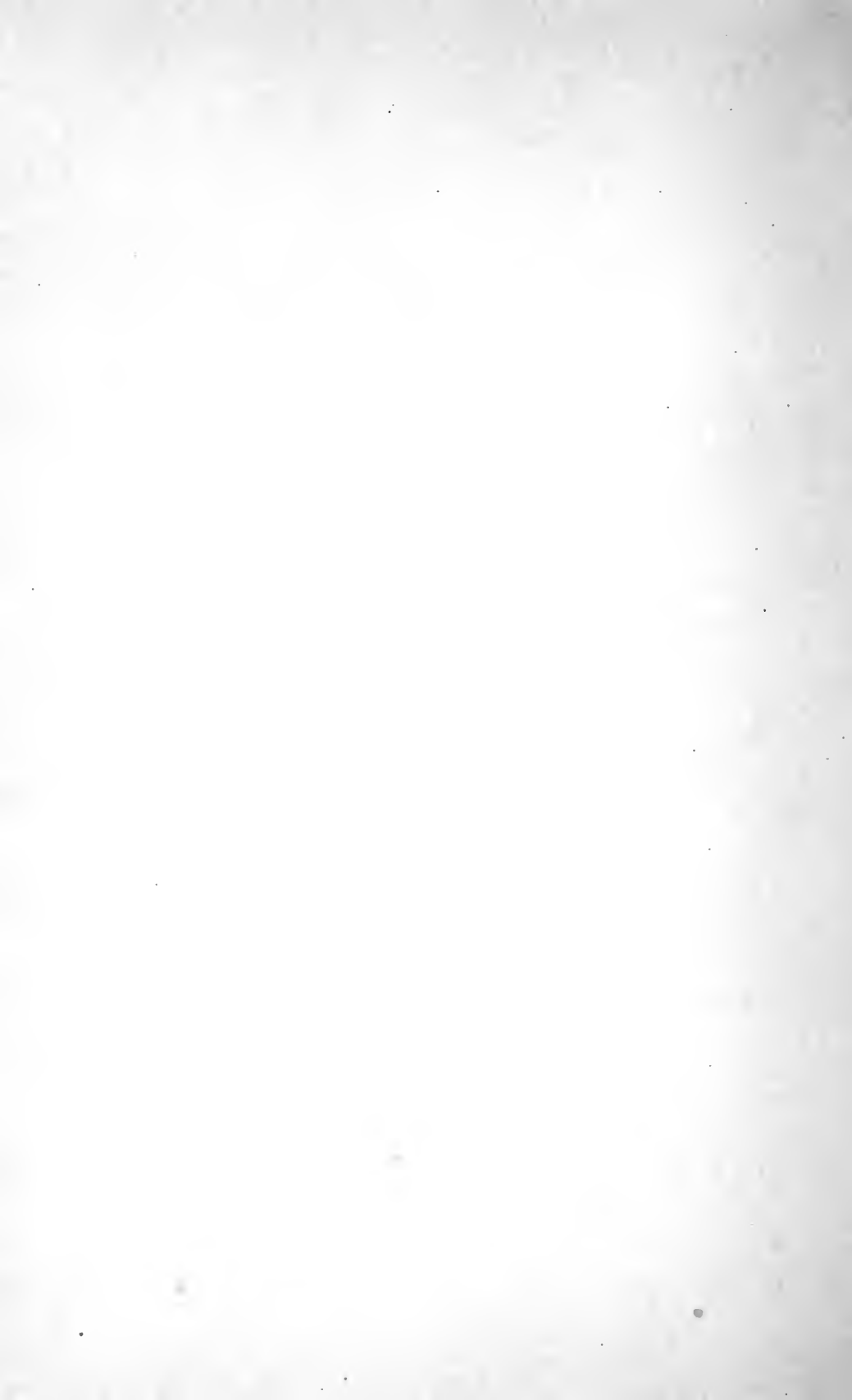
Thy heart, as they, shall curb desire,
Through cloud and cold, till Sun,
Of ripeness born, unfurl the fire
From Spring's reluctance won:
God's moment then shall win the way
To fling from timid clasp of May
The banners broad of June.



NIRVANA

SS
1895

NIRVANA.



N I R V A N A

MY Heart is wreathed around with wings,
With wings close-furled,
From my Heart's brow a Lotus springs,
With tears dew-pearled;
From my Heart's eyes the tears are shed, —
Lids, hide the throes!
O my Heart's lips, on kisses fed,
No love disclose,
Hide my Heart's Rose!

LIPS OF MUSIC

THE WAY OF THE WIND

“So is every one that is born of the Spirit.”

MY Spirit seized thine as the Wind of God
Whence It wisteth flowing,
Where It listeth blowing;
With swift-born silence and secrecy shod,
We followed the way the still footing trod,
My Spirit and thine, as the Will of God,
Nor the wherefore knowing,
In a transport going!

What law in thy Soul then pierced mine like
Fate,
As it listeth smiting
With its carven writing?
Wavered the Wind of the ecstasy late;
Faltered the Music no music could mate:
Now plod we wayfaring in lonely state,
With wings drooped alighting
From a dream of plighting.

WAY OF THE WIND

Yet wait we as waiteth the passive tide; —
When it wisteth surging,
As it listeth merging
The docile waters, that its will abide,
Resistless in one trend who yet hath tried
To rend aside, when they in glory ride,
Well assured, their scourging
Works the round earth's purging?

Arise God's wind! Breathe again from the
deep,
Whom thou listeth sealing
With thy swift revealing!
Bind the white tide as thy yoke-charger,
sweep
On to one bliss our souls of love who keep
Sacred the hest that bids them wait, nor reap
The great rush of feeling
Save from God's lips reeling!

LIPS OF MUSIC

S A T U R N

IN a shining space

Her face!

In other spaces

A world of faces, —

Outside! —

As the rings that ride

In their dusker state

Round the Star of Fate,

Their dim whorl afar

From the central star

Alone

My own!

My heart of pure white,

My well-spring of light,

All the sky a waste

To hold thee more graced,

The shrinèd and chaste.

O Thou! the lone moved,

The firm-hearted, pure,

SATURN

Immaculate, proved
To abide and endure,
From whom thunders deep,
Implacable, leap, —
And the secret might
Of the Father-born
In blue-brilliant night
Lifts her glancing horn, —
Hecatè, — holding
In Thine — her Sire's name,
The seeds of live fire,
In her wide breast's folding,
The spell of desire,
The flower of flame,
And the spirit-dower
In her hands' control
Of the winds that scour
Beyond Earth's pole, —
In thy rings embrace
Her face!

Sire Saturn, — thy thunder

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LIPS OF MUSIC

Guard ever the wonder!

Immure

In Fate's cincture sure

Forever the sense

Of the touch intense!

And Hecatè, thou,

Who the Deep can plough

And spur

The stir

Of the leaping water, —

O Father-born daughter,

Up-summon the coal —

Flame-seed in the Soul

When thy great winds roll!

The undying ember

Thy look's fecund spell

Shall rouse, will remember

The God no gods quell, —

Who 'mid the still regions

Of starry legions

Girt with shining hides,

Alone-moved abides.

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LOVE'S HOLY DAYS

THE CHRISTMAS

*"No man hath seen God. . . The only begotten son
which is in the Bosom . . . hath declared him."*

THE very Christ once with us dwelt,
Born in a quiet lowly;
Only a star sang, and we knelt.
The meagre room was holy.

Our lips touched, as angel-wings touch
O'er the crib where they hover,
The love born within us was such
As the Christ-child they cover.

A babe it was, helpless and meek,
Our gifts and tendance craving,
Yet a god withal, we must seek
To find strength for our saving.

LIPS OF MUSIC

THE EPIPHANY

*“Lo, the star went before them, . . . and they rejoiced,
. . . and opened their treasures, and presented gifts, gold,
frankincense, and myrrh.”*

THE heart of the glow of our star,
Ever calling us hither,
Is guiding us on from afar,
Sure are we It knows whither!
No treasure so rich, overwrought
With travail of the giver,
But, counting its pricelessness nought,
Haste we on to deliver!
The gold of our hearts still we give,
Yet are never the poorer;
The breath of each instant we live,
Yet of life are but surer.
With fragrance of frankincense, myrrh,
Of love's bitterness burning,
From anguish most keenly astir,
Measureless sweetness earning.

LOVE'S HOLY DAYS

THE HOLY THURSDAY

“And he said, My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death. . . . And he withdrew from them, and prayed, saying, O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me!”

THIS is anguish, — early, late,
Ceaseless love of one to hate;
All unmeet for hearts below;
Only Gods should bear such woe,
Only Gods such secrets know.

Such the anguish, — thine, O Christ,
Piercing love that far out-priced
Rood and nails and spear-thrust through,
Scorn of those thy pity knew, —
Those who wist not what they do!

LIPS OF MUSIC

Shrink, my lips, from cup of strength
Making man scarce man at length;
All unmeet for hearts below;
Only Gods should bear such woe,
Only Gods such secrets know.

Oh, to honor, not look down
On the soul thy love would crown,
Know the Christ of flesh and pain!
By compassion, equal, fain,
Not by lonely spirit gain!

LOVE'S HOLY DAYS

THE EASTER EVE

*“The next day the Pharisees came together, . . . saying,
That deceiver said, while he was yet alive, . . . I will rise
again. Command therefore that the sepulchre be made
sure. . . . Pilate said, Ye have a watch. Make it as sure
as ye can.”*

ALL-LOVING love is in his tomb,
Half-loves alone are living;
For such may earth-born men yield room,
Denying Heaven's giving.

All-loving love from heaven sent,
Must have his mission scouted,
And share what scant-breathed life is lent
Earth-loves that may be doubted.

All-loving love hath bent his head
Nor sought his due exalting
Beyond the hope those body-led
Allot to love's assaulting.

LIPS OF MUSIC

Earth-love whose life is through each child
Renewed with half defeature,
That knows not yet the undefiled
Undying spirit-nature.

Doubt's soldiery gross-guards the tomb,
Sees not above it hover
Faith's angel, watching, too, till doom
Obey the Master-lover!

THE ORDER OF PERPETUAL ADORATION

THERE is an Order in the Church
Permits no sun nor season,
No hour nor minute Time could search,
No slight nor weighty reason
To stop the praise adoring ever
The touch Divine
Whose hallowing none may dis sever
From bread and wine.

Within the heart like order held
Ordains each lesser feeling,
Or sudden joy or throe up-welled
From deeps of Life's revealing
Shall celebrate and still assever
The touch divine
Of Love supreme, forgetting never
Lips once its shrine.

LIPS OF MUSIC

IMMORTALITY

ALL guarded round with floating beams
Of inward light,
My Angel, inly listening, dreams,
With inmost sight:
And thrilling for a singing flight
Up visioned ways,
Around her head an aureole
Of wide wings rays;
Within them Power beats and burns,
As underneath her eyelids yearns
Her dreaming Soul.

With ardors of imagining,
Caressed apart,
Deep spirit-piercing raptures wring
My Angel's Heart —
Seed-fires that visibly up start
In flames of bloom,



THE VISION OF LOVE IN SLEEP.

IMMORTALITY

Whose waving blossoms gladness wrest
 From rankling gloom;
Her shining brow around they wreath,
Each uplift of her life-breath breathe,
 Forever blest!

LIPS OF MUSIC,

BY THE SIXTH SENSE

O I see, I see the tears of blood
In the lotus bud,
Though it blooms on thy brow,
O so whitely now,
Proud Saint!
O I see, I know
The stabbing woe
And hidden stain
Of conquered pain,
Dear Saint!

O then feel with me how fierce the wind
When the wings sprang twinned,
Though they beat round my brow
O so lightly, now,
Proud Saint!

THE SIXTH SENSE

Only thee I show
The torture-throe
And dragging drain
Whence strong wings strain,
Dear Saint!

If we cancel, thus the bitter debt,
May we quite forget
How the tears still endure
In the lotus pure,
Proud Saint! —
How the scar still stings
'Neath soaring wings
Whose mounting flight
Is thy soul's height,
Dear Saint!

O from struggle ever wrest we strength
Bringing peace, at length! —
Be it so, or I fear,
Ever lonely here,
Proud Saint!

LIPS OF MUSIC

I shall strive my best,
Yet feel, o'erpressed,
My wings, thy token,
Fall broken — broken! —
Dear Saint!

INTERLUDE

LIPS OF MUSIC

DJABAL AND ANAEL

*Epilogue songs written to accompany Browning's
"Return of the Druses."*

DJABAL'S SONG

AND am I not Hakeem, though man?
Needs it a God to plot and plan
And pour his heart and brain and soul
Through lonely patient scheming years, intent
By small slow conquests to control
And bring to birth, at last, the purpose meant?
Is it no marvel earth-like stuff
Compacts a sun night's blackness to rebuff?
A man who leads is miracle enough!

LIPS OF MUSIC

ANAEL'S SONG

I KNEW thy secret from the first,
When thy heart's fire upon me burst,
With music led me on and on
Through anguish, gropingly to prove the clew,
Till sight and soul in unison
Beheld the Secret from the first I knew.
No triumph with the God be mine!
Hakeem, in Djabal only, I divine —
Love — in that sin-shamed human breast of
thine!

IN PRAISE OF BROWNING

OF loveliness, and all the fair
In Life, the perfect, choice, and rare —
 The bloom of deeds
 Most poets tell:

They with the love of Beauty swell
The heart of Man; and this is well.
But Browning moves to love of Life,
Oft-failing yet aspiring strife
 Tow'rd Beauty's seeds —
 The sleeping spore

Such love of Life can wake to soar
Within each heart: O this is more!

With growing light through ages shine
The vision of the Love Divine
 Of God made Man:
 So seers still win

LIPS OF MUSIC

A hope for mortals, spite of sin,
And Life is bless'd since that hath been.
But Browning's vivid eye discerns
God in each heart where pure love burns:
 Where Spirit ran,
 Flashing strange spells,
Transcendent love in might upwells;
God's witness thus in each Soul dwells.

TRANSLATIONS

BERTRAND'S SONG TO THE MARINERS

From Rostand's "La Princesse Lointaine."

AGAIN then I tell you how fair
Is one we shall gaze on soon.
The golden sun laughs in her hair,
Dreams, in her eyes, of the moon.

Her floating hair veils and unveils
A brow so starlit and pure
No other devotion but pales,
All other love seems unsure.

Her charm sole, subtle, a flower
Hidden yet haunting the air,
Is charm of a saint, with power
Of a sorceress to snare.

LIPS OF MUSIC

And simple ways her will behooves,
But rich resources on them wreaks,
She like a swaying blossom moves,
Like a forest spring she speaks.

So fair, and yet half faërie,
Surely Frank, yet Moabite,
Is Melissinde of Tripoli
In her palace whelmed in light.

And thus we there shall see her soon,
Unless all lies the tattling
Of pilgrims false, their cloaks and shoon
With scallop shells all rattling.

TRANSLATIONS

MILA 'S SONG

From D'Annunzio's "La Figlia di Jorio."

BIDED mute the patron angel
From the walnut woodblock carven,
Deaf the wood stayed, secret, sacred,
Saint Onofrio vouchsafed nothing.

Till said one apart, a third one
(O have pity on us, Patron!)
Till said one apart, the fair one,
Lo! my heart all willing, waiting!

Would he quaff a draught of marvel?
Let him take my heart's blood, quaff it!
But of this make no avowal,
But of this make no revealing.

Suddenly the stump budded branches,
Out of the mouth a branch sprang budding,
Every finger budded branches,
Saint Onofrio all grew green again!

LIPS OF MUSIC

DEDICATORY PRAYER

From D'Annunzio's "La Nave."

HEARKEN, Lord God, tremendous, dire,
Cry of our Sires' stupendous ire
Battling on deck: This I kindle with fire
is the Beacon and Pyre.

'Twixt Pola, Albóna, hard by Quarnáro,
The bold pine I cleft, the bay's bitter marrow
And the sacred oak with twin-edg'd steel
arrow
of wedge-axe narrow.

And when the wood of the masts over casting
And wood of the hull with wreaths everlasting
Victory's wreaths; — ah! then I rememberèd
all of our dead
Gulfed in the Deep, all of our dead
Gulfed in the swallowing Deep that fed
on the brave in their caravels:

TRANSLATIONS

But said I: O God of birth and renewals
Of stocks by Sea, and of ruins and strewns,
The living, living, shall they ever be
 who upon the Sea
Shall magnify Thee, who upon the Sea
Shall glorify Thee, who upon the Sea
Burn myrrh on Thine altar and blood-
 sacrifices
 Where the Ship's beak rises.
O make Thou of all of the Oceans Our Sea!
 Amen.



III
HECATE

*DEATH IS EVIL • THE GODS HAVE
SO JUDGED • HAD IT BEEN GOOD
THEY WOULD DIE*

— SAPHO

HECATE

I CALL Hecate of the Ways, of the Cross-ways, of the Darkness, of the Heaven and the Earth and the Sea; saffron-clad goddess of the grave, exulting amid the spirits of the dead, kindling new life, Perseia, lover of loneliness, Hecate of the shining head-tyre . . . thinking delicate thoughts; Queen who holdest the Keys of the World, . . . be present at our pure service with the fulness of Joy in thine heart.

*From Orphic Hymn, as given by Gilbert Murray,
and Homeric Hymn to Demeter.*



HECATE.

THE TRAGIC RAPTURE

WINNOW me, Life! winnow and sift me!
Harrow me, Fate! harrow and lift me!
Hallow me, Love! wring me and rive me!
Aught but the best, purge me from, shrive me!
Lightning-sure Aim! nothing less shift me!
Lightning-sure Touch! thrill me and gift me!
Life! smite thy tragic full chord in me,
Let it be potently lord in me,
 Through my soul glorying float;
 Pour through my triumphing throat
 Song of the dominant note!

LIPS OF MUSIC

A M U L E T S

IF thou shalt ever see with inner sight,
No outward gaze of thine but will be bright,
Kindling in thee and all who meet thee —
light!

If thou shalt ever feel with heart awake,
No sin and tears but shall thy sorrow slake,
And round the evil good's fair halo make.

M A S T E R Y

SOMETIMES, alone, along the peak,
The Angel in me hears God speak;
Sometimes, unknown, it journeys down
And strives among men in the town.

Sometimes, it is so strong, I bear
God's word to me where all men fare:
O best! if in the battling street
Life's harshest voice to me rings sweet!

WORK DAY PRAYERS

GOD of Love, God of Work! Touch me
with fire!

For all dross within me, fill me with ire! —
So with pure passion I cleave to my Star,
Speed my work, daily, toward the mark —
far!

God of Love, God of Work! Breathe in me
— air!

Blue and breeze-swept spaces brighten my
care! —

So each swirl of effort leave my hand calm,
So each heart meeting mine only feel —
balm!

LIPS OF MUSIC

HOLY DAY PRAYERS

GOD of Light, God of Joy! Kindle my
gaze! —

So it dart, arrowy, threading the maze
Glooming, confusing my soul's right and rash
Gleam to Thy Heaven it sees in one flash!

God of Light, God of Joy! Bless thou my
bliss

Arrogance, shrivel! — lest mar I or miss
Joy of heart-joy in the sudden capture —
Sharing on earth here the human rapture.

A 'GLAD LITTLE SORRY SONG

OH, full cause, full cause have I
To be sorry, to be sad;
Yet my tears are — almost dry!
And my soul in me is singing,
And my will is clinging, clinging
To long plans it has to try —
Plans for all a future's bringing!
Oh, what cause, what cause have I
To be sorry, to be sad,
Who am still so glad, so glad,
Quite without a reason why?

LIPS OF MUSIC

MAN'S CRADLE SONG

To the World-Mother — Life.

O THOU World-Mother, Life! Press me
close to thy breast!

I would nourish my lips with thy milk —
human kindness:

And be lulled with thy murmurs to halcyon
rest,

I would nest in thy breast with true faith's
profound blindness, —

And awake, I would take, with a will, task
and strife,

If thou nurture me, cradle me, mother me,
Life!

O thou World-Mother, Life! Mould me
meek to thy plan,

MAN'S CRADLE SONG

I would shrink from no dint of thy hand's
hardest pressing,

If it shaped me to use in the service of Man,
I would know all the woe for my Soul's
caressing,

That would, soothed, tremor smoothed, rule
the cure of Pain's knife; —

If thou chastened and scourged, but to
mother me, Life!

O thou World-Mother, Life! Tell me
stories of yore!

I would watch thy lips move, I would see
thine eyes glowing:

Till thy marvel and vision each new morn-
ing more

Spurred my will to fulfil thy heroical showing:

Then requite thy child-knight for his day
with deeds rife; —

Then embrace me, and lavish thy love on
me, Life!

LIPS OF MUSIC

THE HEARTH FIRE

ELOQUENT heads of haughty trees,
Talking with clouds, wreathed with the
breeze,

Long cherished on the breast of fruitful earth,
Felled for the pyre be ye, — shorn for the
hearth!

Lie ye low, fallen prone,

Bound on man's altar-stone!

The windy locks, wide-tossed, be
furled, —

Let curling flames in eddies whirled,
Mock with their narrow, vortexed, parching
glare

The fresh free gestures of uncabined air!

Renounced be life of kind and seed!

Let green fire bleed for human need,

HEARTH FIRE

The green fire fertile in the sun-god's look
Be red fire barren in the chimney-nook!

Bleeding sap, tongue of flame,
Sing thy joy, sing thine aim! —
The pæons chant of living wood, —
Exalted, gods in lowlihood, —
Sibilant, sacrificial embers dying,
Jubilant spirit-splendor prophesying!

And you, ye flaunting heads of high desires
Let red flame sway!
Burn ye to feed in me life's purer fires,
And purge the clay
Down by the root close-clinging!
Let branching pride sky-springing
To greater gods of secret spirit-power
In sacrifice be shorn!
Nor shrink nor mourn
The nurture of life's lesser dower —
Earth's breast, the beacon-sky, — Love's,
Pride's full flower:
O no! destroy, destroy

LIPS OF MUSIC

Sky-glory and Earth-deariness so keen pangs
deploy

Life's hidden force and free the flame-winged
blossom — Joy!

THE LIGHTED FACE

UP the street, down the street, through the
town faring,
Everywhere, anywhere, not a lane sparing,
Only the lighted face searching for, caring!
Only the lighted face; —
Is the quest so daring?

Sharpened face, muffled face, face of boy,
maiden, —
Flower face, not a trace
Grief or trouble-laden.

Pigeon face, vulture face, prinking, or
scheming,
Bargain-bent, profit-pent, rigid with seem-
ing, —

LIPS OF MUSIC

These I find; let me find, inwardly beaming,
Somewhere the lighted face,
Soul from in it streaming!

Life is good, aim is good, deeper soul's
yearning
Out must chase cravings base;
Face! Thy Soul keep burning!

THE SUNLIT SHOWER

SQUALID and foul the city street,
Low'ring the sky and sour;
Suddenly Heav'n's compassion sweet
Fell in a sunlit shower,
Sprang from its heart a rainbow pure,
To make the world of beauty sure.

LIPS OF MUSIC

IN THE CROWD—A SONG!

O THROUGH the streets the crowds go all
hurried, all harassed;
Life means to them but barter, but selling,
spending pelf;
One question fitly sums it, — and bent upon
it passed
The worried jostlers near me; — “Now what
have you amassed?”
O Life besides means nothing, — No; nothing
in itself!

But, hark! above the traffic, the good green
Common near,
Fly past the first Spring bluebirds, — song
falls from one bright elf

IN THE CROWD

Full sure of life and loving and Springtime
each new year.

O daring flight face Northward with com-
rades singing cheer!

So, Life means singing, loving, — is some-
thing in itself!

LIPS OF MUSIC

WORK DAY SUNSET CHANT

GRAY-BLUE swims the air in the sky's
upper height,

Gray-blue flows the sea-dreaming river,
Dull red glow the lights ere their hour to shine
bright

Athwart the blue stream where they quiver.

The arm of the Working-Day strikes his last
stroke,

His forge-embers glimmer to Westward;
The swart wolf-throat factories belch their
last smoke,

The trolley-kites screech their prey rest-
ward.

WORK DAY CHANT

All day wolves and kites of Life's drudgers
took toll;

They miss now a mintage far better; —
The skill of the Worker earns pay in his
Soul, —

The purpose to smite off Toil's fetter.

His sigh for free joy in work soars to God's
sky, —

Lo, there! where the blue glows intenser,
And mixed with black forge-smoke purged
pure, spiring high,

It breathes out that prayer in God's censer.

LIPS OF MUSIC

CHELSEA

"All that a man hath will he give for his life."

*(Chelsea Fire, April 12, 1908;
San Francisco, April 18, 1906.)*

BUT one among a thousand sister towns
Unmarked of Fame, —
A hive of life no excellence renowns
Beyond the daily, tame
Prosperity of lowlihood
In mart and home and fane, —
But one among a thousand Chelsea stood
Beside the Eastern Flood:
Now one from thousands falls she branded,
charred,
Supremely scarred!
The tragic dignity of Doom's fierce frown
Sears round her mediocre brow a crown

CHELSEA

Whose blood-red glowing gems grow cinders
black;

And in her helpless hand

Calamity doth thrust

The sceptre of her lack, —

Her need's grim Must! —

Outstretched to all the land,

Commanding alms from ruin, ashes, dust.

What eminence of pain

The giant hand of Woe hath on her lain!

O dear young Land on whom such perils wait,

For what deep seal and sign

Doth lowly Chelsea to the Golden Gate, —

Whose town imperial lay shaken late

Beside the Western Brine,

By flames in Earth's deep flanks so doomed,

So scored, so razed, and utterly consumed, —

Now echo back the grisly watchword —

“Fate”?

Behold on what ironic trifle fell

The semen of Fate's mighty quell!

LIPS OF MUSIC

A refuse cast-out heap of rags that
mouldered, —

That tradesmen deemed of every value
rifled, —

On that ignoble bed, where life lay, smould-
dered,

Where unsuspected force hid, slighted,
stifled, —

The young Spring wind disdained to touch,
yet fawned

Upon; — there, viewlessly the Fire-djinn
spawned.

And as the Arab Genii, once kept pent

Within a phial, whining to be lent

His freedom, spread his sway

Out of the jar with omen swart,

The sun athwart, —

This Djinn uprears his crafty head

And spurns his narrow bed.

His eyes' red wrath devours his prey,

His snorting nostrils' fumes are shafts of
smoke

CHELSEA

That pillar up the sky,
With wings of wind on-leaps his flail's wide
stroke,
And emptiness is left to know it by.

The startled townsmen scarcely weigh their
woe,

Nor guess how life may for them fare
(If life be left them!) of all chattels bare, —

The dear familiar household ware,
Accumulation through their lives their care.
But some who lavished all of life in pains
To have and hold no other than such gains,
To valuations new, instinctive start:

With all the toiled-for trash now would they
part,

The misprised life they spent it for, to
spare:

While others, still pelf-mastered, habit-led,

With dullard wit, half unaware

How imminent the dread,

Scuttle to garner up and pack,

LIPS OF MUSIC

With haste too slow, — too slow!
Wild-eyed or stolid, on they move,
To hunt new lack!

The courser at their back
O'ertakes them on their track;
And whom he wills he spares,
Whom not he snares;
Nor may be known the urn
Where whom he slew doth burn,
Nor how another
Out-thrived the smother.

Through scathe, through scape, the Foe
Unshakable yet whimsical doth prove,
Implacable as Hate and swift as Love.

O now that Chelsea lies so low,
The monster desolation greatens her,
And o'er her abject grave doth laurels strow.
A quiet holds her walled amid the stir
Of greater Boston, that here seems to come
From far-off, throbbing like a muffled drum,
To make her stillness mourn.

CHELSEA

O now doth Chelsea boast the look
Of sites where pomp hath gloried, —
Immortal Capitals Time's mace down-strook
And Fame's scroll storied.
The gaping cellar and foundation-stone,
Uncumbered bare and lone, —
Of bounds and signs of superstructure shorn,
Severe, — content the eye with simple show
And summon up a state
Commensurate
With her grim fate.

Lo! monumental emblems of this hap
Stay rooted in her breast;
Bold monoliths of death-in-life to mark
With shuddering: — her trees, in April, stark!
Black from the mouthing flames' coercive lap,
All hope of gladsome green from in them
pressed
Forever out! Against the April blue
They rigid write
Memorials in each man's sight.

LIPS OF MUSIC

With barren naked stumps of arms.
No longer may they sway
And sing
With winds of Spring
Their old-time April way;
Yet now of what they dumbly say
The winds of Spring resounding echoes
borrow.

O Land of April, hear! The rune is true
They moan to you,
Oracular and stern;
Befits the heart to learn, —
The blithesome spirit thrill with deep alarms,
Attentive struck, and heed,
Against a morrow
Of worser sorrow
Sprung from a subtler seed!

O Land of April, youngest of the Earth,
Thine own life-giving April holds such dearth
Within her smouldered heart.

CHELSEA

The social refuse of thy life oppressed,
Engend'ring vengeance in its sullen nest,
Can at the will that no man lists up start
And from the scorned neglected swarming
heap

With wings of Whirlwind leap!

O goodly young new April-world!
Beneath thy careless trampling feet

That to and fro

Up-building substance go,
More palaces and luxuries to show
How proudly like the old world thou dost
grow, —

Unseen, beneath, lurks force more fleet

Than all the prospering thou lovest so,
To prompt the wronged and reckless with
life-lust

To shake thee with their shout — “Unjust!
Unjust!”

To rend thee whence they grovel in the
dust, —

LIPS OF MUSIC

Make totter thy tall towers, and mock thy
 spires

With innermost and fundamental fires;
Till things chaotic in due chaos hurled
Obey the struggling Order in them furled
 Crying for birth!

Yea! Out from hoards safe built on as the
 earth

The Spirit that makes matter for its mirth
 To use or else lay low,

Can crushing ruin for the worldling breed,
 Proclaim, by utter loss,
 His treasure, dross,—

With grim derision let his life-blood bleed
 To prove its higher worth,

Then rise and light a better Day hereafter
With beams of Dawn shot from that scarlet
 laughter.

Dear April Land, thy human inward life
 Hold dear! hold dear!

CHELSEA

Black is the trunk the life breath leaves
Numb to the rising sap that only weaves]

Within perpetual growth.

No inert product of thy matter-strife

Account so near

That thou may'st e'er deprive

For arid need

Of barren greed

The growth of weakest child of thine —
alive!

O loath, most loath

Are these thy prophet-woes at East and West

That thou shalt learn by inward death

That Life is best:

Like those self-withered Nations who, Time
saith,

Their own dishonored children sold

For gold.

Youngest of Mother-nations, blight not thou

By any tricksters' stealth,

LIPS OF MUSIC

Whence self-consuming dooms like theirs
 have sprung,
Thy human for thy sordid commonwealth!
Hold pure the vision of thine early vow!
Impartial love shine from thy morning brow!
Life-breath of all thy children keep thee
 young!;

DOUBLE MOMENTS

SUNLIGHT lingers through the day, all
day long;

But in dawn and twilight dwells,
Inter-weaves, with hidden spells,
Days of deed and nights of dream,
Fuses in Time's fleeting stream
Shining vision, shadowed gleam:
So, together, Night and Day make life strong.

Love gives gladness all through life, all life
long;

But love's darkness with love's glow
Lift to rapture each deep throe,
Sun and cloud intensely met,
Mingling splendor with the threat,
Magic mutual beget:
So, together, bale and bliss make love's song.

LIPS OF MUSIC

Progress beckoned through the years, ages
long:

Up the steep with laurels spread

One by one the heroes led;

One by one they scale the height;

Still far-off the peaks shine white,

Challenging that moment's might

When together, heroes mount with the throng.

THE MASTER-FATE

I POURED out my heart in a throbbing lay,
One half-happy day,
And after I wrote it a wind arose,
A trickstering time-serving wind of prose
And swept it away.

O far and away, out of grasp, — of reach!
It seemed that all speech,
Sweet fruitage of song to redeem the pain,
The barren soul lost with that heart-wrung
strain:
It could not beseech:

The Written was written: the Lost was lost.
By Fate calmly crossed,
The grief was too sore for a sorrow more.
The windfall of Fate then a new fate bore,
And back the scroll tossed!

LIPS OF MUSIC

Take counsel, wild Heart! See how still Soul
stays

Through half-happy days!

By nature all unaware wise to wait .

The ripening stroke of the master-Fate

No Fate but obeys!

THE CALL OF MODERN TRAGEDY

WHAT is out there all moaning, troubled,
With passions vast on passions doubled,
With unknown forces darkly tossing
And chartless counter-currents crossing?

The hearts are these of souls immortal;
Sea-way is this to Art's high Portal.
But child's play on the strand our playing
While we were blind to wrecked hands
 praying,
And faces white like wild birds swaying,
Upturned to tempests, mute, past speaking.
O leave mere toys, — small pleasure-seeking,—
Life's shallows leave; the full flood breasting,
For manly Art strive, stern, unresting!
Heed, heed the call! Who dare clasp sorrow

LIPS OF MUSIC

That Angel strength grow theirs to-
morrow? —

That Angel joy from Art's high heaven
Shall every brother's sorrow leaven?
Latter-day men, their God shut in them,
Await transfiguring shall win them,
Unveil them where their new might
reigneth, —

Might to wax strong when old might .
waneth.

Like huddling waves their heads uprearing
Darkly to dream of far light nearing,
Like wistful waves for moonlight longing, —
Range upon range the playhouse thronging,
Men line with life floors, walls, to ceiling,
And passive, wait their right revealing!

As on black night, the storm-wrack rifting,
Peace from the Moon's pure face falls
drifting,

So on Man's sea of ardors shifting
Shine! Tragic Art, for Soul's uplifting!

LIFE'S RHYMES

*“Through worlds and races and terms and times
... musical order and pairing rhymes.”*

FLUX

*“The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the Waters.
. . And God said Let the Firmament divide the Waters
from the Waters.”*

I HEAR Unending Being sing Life's
rhymes! —

The rhyme with centred Earth of weaving
Water,

Who vexed Her fixèd frame, whose flux
still caught Her;

Her captive-captor was He tireless times:

Her world-rule challenging from all worlds'
primes,

Island and headland carven firm He
wrought her,

LIPS OF MUSIC

And trophies won for Her the while He
fought Her: —
So, in them, likeness with unlikeness chimes.

Thrilled through their battling music, pangs
of Fire
From her pent heart! O Mystic breast of
Birth,
Ye only know wherefrom, — forever
twinned,
Swaying the concord of their world-desire
With soaring rhythms, answering ardent
Earth, —
Played o'er his restless soul the wide-
wing'd Wind!

LIFE'S RHYMES

FORM

“Let the dry land appear. . . . Let there be lights in the heavens.”

PLAYED o'er his restless soul the wide-
wing'd Wind:

With stealthier pinion occult Motion
stirred

The smelted Earth and Water, smithy-
slurred

With seething wet, to structure crystallined.

In flux like his the rock-floods rayed, and
spinned

Tow'rd centred hearts like hers: their
World-child heard

The parent rhyme and lived the molten
word

Whereto the twy-fold substance streamed
akinned.

LIPS OF MUSIC

So Motion wooed through Form to finer pact,
Till slow, instinctive Substance inly
yearned
For frame more shapely-rare, and sure
troth-plight
To ceaseless Motion, bodied forth in act
The radiant Energy that in her burned:
Responding realms of Comrade-worlds
beamed Light!

LIFE'S RHYMES

GROWTH

"And God saith Let the Earth bring forth."

RESPONDING realms of Comrade-worlds
beamed Light! —

Quivered the dreaming eyelids of the Sea!—
Startled Earth's brooding brow forebod-
ingly

As blindly brightened with dim seed of sight!

And secret offspring quickened to the rite
Of chrism in the sky-born sympathy:—
The germ divined the force that bade it be,
Felt, fold on fold within, replying might.

It groped in slime, salt ooze, and weathered
rock;
And, climbing blankness, dared to face the
sun,

LIPS OF MUSIC

Sought for what rhyme with light plant-
life pairs true:
Of Earth the nursling root! Of Heaven the
stock! —
Vague Air and steadfast Earth built up as
one,
O glad from singing Earth-mouths plant-
life grew!

LIFE'S RHYMES

MOTIVE

“The moving creature that hath life let the Earth bring forth.”

O GLAD from singing Earth-mouths plant-life grew!

It thrived on fever spared the tortured soil,
And from the bitter Waters' tossed turmoil
Through all its fluting reed-throats sweet
draughts drew.

The growth alchemic leavened Nature
through

With vital ferment: Titan forest-spoil

Stored Heaven-brought fire to serve yet
unborn toil;

Witch-working flotsam sought Life's next
rhyme — You, —

LIPS OF MUSIC

O embryonic Will, your chemic leap
In thirsty fibre-tip, in hungry sac,
That burst Earth's mother-cord to fare
alone, —
In wine-dark caverns of the moorless Deep,
Adventured forth marauding films to track
The Life self-moved, enhungered for its
own.

LIFE'S RHYMES

DESIRE

"Let us make man."

THE Life self-moved, enhungered for its
own,
Through strange shapes roamed, each rest-
less want fulfilled,
Divergence craved, and groped with bent
instilled
For sense more inward, in more free form
thrown.

Insatiate of types through Æons strown,
The vortexed Life-fire, centred Earth-
forms build,
The windwinged Life-flow, weaving Water
willed,
Still seek the Heir to reap the seed-traits sown.

LIPS OF MUSIC

Worm-shapes that wave-wise aim in nervous
lines,
Molluskan sphere-shapes massing inward
force,
Beast, fish, amphibian, insect, bird, —
all deed
To Life their fierce-fought functions and
designs,
Whose branching pattern and heaped-up
resource
For mastership empower'd a Man shall
breed.

LIFE'S RHYMES

P O W E R

“And let him have dominion.”

FOR mastership empower'd a Man shall
breed:

Who must out-trap, out-toil, out-watch,
out-lust

His prowling, cunning, lusty brothers, must
All wants that shaped them all out-do — or
feed!

So grows he, inchmeal, to attain and lead,
Erect himself, like plant-life, from his dust
Ensky his brain-fraught brow, and onward
thrust

In untried realms, and strain for spirit-speed.

Yet out of violence and rapine whelped,
Nor violence nor rapine can he spurn
Whom ripening soul but slowly thrones
above,

LIPS OF MUSIC

Whose every step was beast and body helped;
Transcending ill by ills must he discern;—
Till knowing Good from Ill he shall learn
Love!

LIFE'S RHYMES

LOVE

“Man is become as one of us to know good and evil . . . lest he put forth his hand and take also of the tree of life and live forever . . . he placed cherubims and a flaming sword which turned every way to keep the way of the tree of life.” — “But . . . he that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith: To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life.”

TILL knowing Good from Ill he shall learn
Love;
Through affluence of power, understand;
Through inborn sympathies at last command
The wild and bestial wills he forced and
drove. —

Till all by which unwillingly he throve —
Ay, occult energies of Sea and Land,
Of Fire and Air come tunèd to his hand
To make the Music whither Being strove.

LIPS OF MUSIC

The gods of Love and Knowledge shall create
In him; new life the breast of Death shall
thrill:

By like to unlike linked Life's Poem
climbs,

And leaps to Joy when Love and Power mate
Incarnate in the sleepless human will.

I hear Unending Being sing Life's
Rhymes!

FAIRY GOLD

A DIVINATION

LIFE shall be richer in you more and more,
And each New Year, far surer than before,
The Soul in you shall find,
Responsive to her sight,
Resource of Heart and Mind —
Her Treasure-trove of might
That each Day's need had sought,
With each new Sun divined,
Full ready to be wrought!
Her mystic rod of light
Shall tremble and dip down to your pure ore,
And show it waiting secretly and true,
A mine of unsuspected gold in you!
The sensitive witch-hazel of each sun,
Sparkling the darkling mood,
Shall find your Fairy Gold, and make it one
With all your life holds good!

LIPS OF MUSIC

LIPS OF MUSIC

“**T**URN, Life, and face me! Under smiling
masks
“You gleam, but you escape. Dares only
Death,
“Dumb Death, front eager Man? True-
touch me, Life,
“To hear your hidden mouth of melody,
“Your lips of music!”

Life stood before me, smiling masks torn off:
Those stars, her eyes' were living wells of
tears,
The iron entered eating to her soul,
And yet but moved her mouth to melody,
Her lips to music.

“Know, then,” she said, “it only marks life
true
“When stars the brighter beckon under tears,
[176]

LIPS OF MUSIC

“When rapture wingeth passion up from pain,
“And trembling souls move mouths to melody
“And lips to music.”

Then, first I felt Life's force and staleless
lure,
And read the meaning lighted in her eyes.
Her wine to hearten heroes feeds from
wounds,
And conquest moves her mouth to melody,
Her lips to music.

“Ay! Heed!” she said, — “No wound shall
sap my founts
“But they shall pour the heartening wine of
Health,
“Retrieval, Rescue, — feed the mastership
“Inspiring all mouths to melody
“All lips to music.

“No wrong shall hurt my children, but shall
spawn
“Delivering heroes; smite renewing wine

LIPS OF MUSIC

“Out with the steel of harm to feast good
will,

“And wake the happy mouth to melody,
“The lips to music.”

So, of her will to save the over-borne, —
The stunted, pillaged, want-dogged, wing-
hurt ones;

Of joy she yearns to wrest — even from
woe,

Loud rang her prophet-mouth of melody,
Her lips of music.

RED DOORS

I AM the Lips of Man, — the Way of
Breath;
With form and strength I dower inmost
things
That own no substance, yet outweigh the
World.

The universal Elements, create
And uncreate, were made for serving these
Most strong weak things, whose spirit-path
of will,
Whose way of breath my living doors unfold.

Through me the puny wail of new-born
babe
To world-cold naked, — through me God's
Spirit —
That breathes as Wind upon the Waters' face
And quickens Universes into frame
Unendingly, — push with the self-same pulse.
The Portals of the Fire of Life am I.

LIPS OF MUSIC

I wait upon each Word the Heirs of Life
Shall seek to father as they Fathered were
I serve the faltering tongue-tethered flame
That flickers forth and faints in dull air out;
I glow and thrill when rushing inward fire
Springs like a seed and grows, unfurls, and
spreads

Out wings enkindled into flashing spires
Of blossoms of the soaring human soul,
Outclimbing Earth's deep-rooted firmament,
Transcending range and thoroughfare of
space,

Companioning the reaches of the air,
Where swaying seas and reeling spheres but
swing

For that the gladder up their azure steeps,
The swifter in their spiral tow'rd the Sun,
With subtler music, more harmonious trend.
The Portals of the Fire of Song am I.

The fire, like fire I harbor, I must seek.
I open to the inward flow of fire
Akin to outward streams I pour; that ebb

RED DOORS

The body's life to flood its spirit-power;
Till each renewed, returning throb of love
From hidden founts, is quenchless as the Will
Behind the ebb and flooding of the Sea, —
The tidal sea-lips, wave-curved, all athirst,
Forever in a tumult to kiss Earth,
As my lips thirst to kiss the lips I love.
The Portals of the Fire of Love am I.

The Life and Love I utter double force
When anguish rends the deeps of Life and
Love,
And energies volcanic, fate-suppressed,
Chastised and chastened, subtlest singing
find.
The nether fires pierce through the gloom to
glow,
The ashes stir with conquest, ember-red.
The Portals of the Fire of Woe am I.

Through me upwell the hidden gyres of
grief:
Sobs and psalms shake me through the dark
of life:

LIPS OF MUSIC

I lift up Alleluias in Fate's face
That shine like starry blossoms in Life's sun.
I am the pain-wrung praying Mouth of
Man —

The bleeding lips that shout the hero's cry,
From woe of Life and Loving wresting Joy.
Red doors of Man's aspiring Soul am I, —
The Portals of his Fire of Triumph, I!

THE DARK OF THE YEAR

A CHRISTMAS-TIDE BENEDICTION

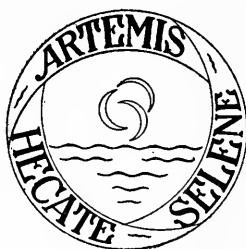
OUT of the measureless spaces,
Out of the regions unshown,
Beam on thee all the hid graces,
Will of thy Spirit hath sown!

Out of thy reticent powers,
Out of thy hesitant will,
Blossom the triumphing flowers,
Dreaming desires in thee thrill!

So from the germinant sources,
Locked through the dark of the year,
Gather in quietude, forces
Bringing earth's blooming near.

LIPS OF MUSIC

So from the Ages' long silence,
Furling humanity's dearth,
Sprang to bid darkness defiance,
Bloom of man's spirit — Christ's birth.





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